

Christian Reflector.

H. A. GRAVES, }
J. W. OLMSTEAD } Editors.

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The Editors' Table.

HARPER'S NEW MISCELLANY.—No. 14 is on the connection of the physical sciences, by Mary Somerville, from the seventh London edition. This connection throughout the various phenomena of nature, is here traced in a manner highly interesting and elaborate. Since the progress of modern science, especially within the last few years, has been remarkable for a tendency to simplify the laws of nature, and to unite detached branches, by general principles, the aim of the author has been to point out, and make clear the existence of those analogies, by which the different parts of the physical creation are related to each other. To the prosecution of this aim, she has brought distinguished learning and ability. Boston: Waite, Peirce & Co.

LIVES OF THE CHIEF FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND.—We have here issued by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Union, a second handsomely printed volume, and uniform with the first, prepared by Rev. Mr. McClure, and containing the lives of John Wilson, John Norton, and John Davenport. Mr. McClure is a ready and forcible writer, strongly attached to the peculiarities of his own denomination, and hence, somewhat inclined to engage in special pleading on their behalf, and uttering apologies for them, in the course which they pursued toward others, where he will be judged by all out of his own sect, to be on an indefensible ground. He has at hand most interesting and valuable materials, which it is fit should be given, in so well conceived a manner, to the present and coming generations. We would not question his desire in fidelity to the memory of the chief Fathers of New England, to be fair toward others. But strong sectarian biases and prejudices are in danger of betraying the best of men. We trust we shall see in the continued series, a full and faithfully drawn portrait of Roger Williams, the Dunsters, and others out of the pale of the author's own denomination.

We, too, are among those who highly venerate the memory of the Puritans. We claim them for our lineal descent. But we deem it the better way, as it is but simple justice to them, frankly to acknowledge wherein they grievously erred.

A SERMON ON THE ABUSE OF THE TONGUE, by Rev. D. F. Richardson, A. M., pastor of the Baptist church in Mason Village, N. H. The text on which this discourse is founded, is the 3d of James, 6th verse: 'And the tongue is a fire, &c., from which in a manner forcible and instructive, the author proceeds to speak.—1. Of the evil consequences of an abuse of the tongue. 2. Some means by which the tongue may be bridled. We give the following truthful extract:—

Abuse of the Tongue.

An abuse of the tongue is destructive of an individual's own happiness. That heart alone can be happy, that looks with kindness upon the world, and delights in promoting the enjoyment of God has so constituted us, that when we breathe good will toward our fellow men, ardently desire their happiness, and never injure them in word or deed, we promote our own happiness in a most successful manner. But that individual who indulges unkind feelings toward any of his fellow creatures, and employs harsh, bitter remarks against them, either he makes others unhappy, makes himself the most wretched.

All the moral sensibilities suffer when the throat becomes an open sepulchre, sending forth its pestilential effluvia through a community. Whilst poisoning others, the individual himself is sally consumed. All that is lovely in life will drop and die, when bitterness and wrath is continually vented against others. Some seem to delight only in dwelling upon the faults of others, and in seeking to cast their virtues into the shade. Nothing pains them more than the praise of others. We need no better evidence that happiness is a stranger in their bosoms, and that base passions are destroying all moral excellence, than the exhibition of such a spirit. Such persons, we may rest assured, are impure, where deadly exhalations are ever issuing forth. A contemplation of goodness communicates goodness to the heart; whilst a consideration of what is base, leaves a pernicious influence upon the mind, unless it is viewed solely with a benevolent desire to remove it. The abuse of the tongue is awfully offensive in the sight of Heaven, and cannot fail to accumulate a fearful amount of guilt. Some, from malice of heart, indulge in abuse toward their fellow men. Such individuals are exceedingly sinful in the sight of Heaven, and exert a baneful influence around. Others, for the sake of amusement, are prone to abuse their fellow men. They delight to take up a character, and show their dexterity in dissecting it, and exposing its faults and defects to the ridicule and laughter of others. Although such persons may show no unkindness of feeling toward those they thus treat, yet they often do them serious injury. It is difficult for us to respect those who often hear

ridiculed. The use of such a weapon, where no good is to be accomplished, and much injury may result, is exceedingly wicked, and cannot fail to exert a depraving influence upon the heart. The odium of a community will sooner or later, settle heavily upon one who thus trifles with the character of others. God will show how guilty such conduct is in his sight, by suffering him to feel severely the dislike of others. Jehovah has said, speak evil of no one, and a disobedience to this command, cannot fail to meet his disapprobation.

The following judicious hints are given as a means, by which the tongue may be controlled:

1. Repress an inquisitive curiosity respecting the private matters of others.
2. Let every one think of his own numerous defects.
3. Endeavor to be divested of all unkindness of feeling toward others.
4. Ferment supplications to God for his blessing upon our enemies, will materially assist in bridling the tongue.
5. A strict watchfulness over the tongue will assist us in bridling it.
6. Caution should be used in repeating the remarks of others, from which any injurious effects might result.

Original and Select.

Wanderings in Europe.—No. IV.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE REFLECTOR.

Cushendall, (Ireland), May 23, 1846.

Dublin, like London and Paris, is divided rather centrally by a small river, spanned by stone and iron bridges, and, as seen from the one at the 'bottom' of Lower Sackville street, as well as from several other points, is a very beautiful city. Its public buildings would take high rank anywhere. We walked through its Ex-Parliament House, now the Bank of Ireland. The hall of the Lords remains, even to the chairs and other furniture, as their lordships left it; but that out of which the Commons, the people's representatives, were turned, has been given to the money-changers. We next visited the great Trinity College, whose front range of buildings is considered a fitting one to face the Ex-Parliament House, and whose associate halls, forming an immense hollow square, are all put in requisition, in fitting for fame and usefulness the youth of Ireland. A large party of them, their gowns and four-cornered caps attracting the special notice of a young member of our party, were engaged on a green at a game of cricket. We looked in upon their tastefully arranged library of 120,000 volumes, and then rode to the 'Hall of the Four Courts,' one of the noblest structures in the city, both as to magnitude and design. A rotunda in its centre, from which rises an immense hemispherical dome, seems to be a general audience hall, where we found great numbers of wiggled counsellors and their clients. The powdered wigs of these counsellors, intended doubtless to add something to the dignity of the wearer, appeared to us all well enough when worn by the aged, but the peering out from under them of the juniors, quite disturbed the gravity of some of our party. Visiting the Royal Exchange and the Custom House, buildings quite in keeping with the others, and taking a general drive about the town, whose best streets for private residences are built up with four story houses as plain as brick and mortar can make them, having neither window-blinds or shutters, or handsome porches, completed our second day at Dublin. At 9 the next morning, we were seated in a railroad car for Drogheda; and I venture to say that you have not in Boston a private carriage more sumptuously fitted up than this was some car. Most of the 'gentle' people in England, as well as in Ireland, ride in the 'second-class' cars, and some of these of this very respectable looking ones, with cushioned seats. The 'first class' are rarely occupied, except by the 'nobility and gentry,' and an occasional wanderer from America, who being a *societarius* in his own country, can hardly be expected to write himself down as the 'second class' in any other. The one—there was but one—first class car of this train was divided into three apartments; two of them for light, and the other the *coupe*, or forward division, for four persons, which being our number, we took it. In its front and sides were large squares of plate glass, the side ones surmounted by sloping mirrors. The floor was covered with a Wilton carpet. The seats were luxurious to an extreme, and in front of them were cloth-covered tables, to be put up or down at pleasure. The conductor, collector, and all the other officials connected with the road, were buttoned up in bright uniforms, and were very gentlemanly and civil. Indeed, the officials connected with railroads, steamboats, post coaches, omnibuses, hotels, public buildings, &c., &c., on this side of the Atlantic, seem not yet to have learned that civility is incompatible with the largest liberty and a proper self-respect.

At Drogheda, the weather remaining as it had been since our arrival at Liverpool, very fine, we all mounted to the top of the Belfast mail coach; as from the inside below one can have no better view than from a Liverpool cab. 'All right' was proclaimed by the 'guard,' at eleven o'clock, and we were off at a spanking pace; and by changing horses every few miles, and pulling up at Newry for dinner, we were at Belfast, 55 Irish or 70 English statute miles, at precisely seven o'clock. An English or Irish mail-coach has seats for four persons inside, and from twelve to fifteen, besides the guard and coachman, outside; fortunately for us, the day continued bright. Had it rained, so frequent an occurrence in this country, every place being occupied, some dozen of us must have had a drenching—a thing often happening to English mail-coach passengers. Though changing horses every six or seven

miles, we changed our coachman or driver but once, he often sitting upon his box while the horses were taken off and fresh ones put on by the horse-boys. When he did leave us, although the fare I had paid was upon the liberal English scale, and children *fall price*, he touched his hat to us for a shilling English each, as did also his successor, and the 'guard' at Belfast. The guard's only duty, (for we had to pay porters for handling luggage), so far as I observed, being to proclaim 'all right,' and receive and distribute little mail-bags by the way; and this was ever done without stopping the coach. But, as neither guard or coachman receive any pay from the coach proprietors, passengers must, such is the custom, pay them their wages.

The country, after the first few miles along the Dublin Bay, was not a very interesting or fertile one, nor did the towns interest us much, until reaching Hillsborough, the seat of the Marquis of Downshire, some twelve miles before reaching Belfast. There we entered a very beautiful, highly cultivated, fertile country, which so continued to the linen metropolis of Ireland. We saw whole acres of limes bleaching on the greens; circumstantial evidence, at least, that some of the limes we buy in America are, as most of them profess to be, 'grass bleached.' About eight Irish miles before reaching Belfast, we passed the flourishing town of Lisburn, which, with a large landed estate adjoining it, is the property of the Marquis of Hertford. It is from this town, these fertile lands, and the bleaching grounds—these latter commanding high rents—that a portion of this nobleman's vast income is drawn. And it is well his income is a vast one, if he often indulges a taste for making presents as displayed in a diamond tiara given to the daughter of a valued friend of his some years since.

At a Royal Musical ball, given on the evening of his birthday, in January, 1845, by the king of Naples, in the upper rooms of the theatre San Carlo, were assembled the king, a man of over six feet high and larger proportions than a certain distinguished gentleman of western New York, the other members of the royal family and household, the king's uncle, the prince of Salerno, the princess and princesses, the nobility of Naples, foreign ministers and their families, and those of their countrymen and women for whom, through the royal courtesy, they chose to obtain cards of invitation. All the arrangements of the ball, the music, the flood of light, the splendor of the great hall as well as of the recesses, the withdrawing rooms, the card and billiard rooms, the unequalled Naples, the ade, tea, coffee and refreshment, and, better still, the absence of all greasy meats and oysters, wines and spirits, were worthy the monarch giving it. In such an assembly, in such a city, in the sunny south of Italy, one could not fail, as those who were there certainly did not, of meeting with beauty and grace of a high order. But, in all that assembly, there was not a more beautiful, more graceful, or fascinating lady than the now become Hungarian countess of Z., who had that day been presented at the court of King Ferdinand, wearing the diamond tiara, valued—so it was whispered—at a hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling, presented to her by the Marquis of Hertford.

We entered Belfast, as often walking about it we discovered, by its finest streets, and passed its finest buildings, in neither of which, Seven Hall perhaps excepted, can I claim any special eminence. And this morning, in leaving by northern gates, a brilliant sunshine tempting us again to the top of a mail-coach, we saw nothing specially pleasing, until we were outside of the city's walls, when we entered upon a ride along the coast of exceeding interest. Upon our left, for an hour, were a succession of fine country-seats, with their beautiful grounds and gardens. Under us, as good a road as mail-coach ever rolled upon, and at our right, first the Bay of Belfast, then the Irish channel, the waters of neither scarcely broken by a ripple. After an hour or two, we began to wind our way round the chalk hills and bold headlands so famed along this coast; to give place, however, at Ballycraig, where our road left the sea-side for a mile or two, and passed over a hill near Red Hall, the seat of a Mr. Kerr, M. P., for Downpatrick—to a more quiet, but one of the most beautiful scenes to be met in any country. Would that I could here spread it out before you; but I have not the gift. Those who in summer have looked from Mount Holyoke, near Northampton, down upon the plain below, divided into its many fields of many hues, may imagine something of the appearance of a broad reach of land, which, beginning at a valley's edge far below us, swelled gently up for half a mile or more, then declined as smoothly down to the clear blue waters of the Irish channel, here less than thirty miles in width, and beyond which were standing boldly up to our view the hills of Scotland. Near us was the ruin of Templecrann church, the first living to which Dean Swift was appointed. Upon our left, were such hills and dales, and around us such grounds of the M. P., as made up a *tout ensemble* you must come and look upon, or leave your fancy to fill up the sketch.

At Larn, 18 Irish miles from Belfast, we changed our coach for a two-horse car, having places four upon each of its sides, and for three upon a high seat crossing the rear of the car, the luggage being piled up to a great height between the two divisions of our right outward faced passengers; for we had passengers for all the places. Three of our party occupied the three elevated back seats, thus overlooking the whole affair. Four of the eight might look upon the land, and four upon the sea; our coachman occu-

ying his single seat high in front. We were thus but fairly under way, when an accident occurred, showing the power of the bright eyes and pouting lips of genteelly-dressed girls of 18 to 20. By three such we were stopped, and applied to for places to the next town. Coachy looked at the girls, at his car, then at his passengers. The passengers looked at the girls, then at each other. 'Do you think we can accommodate them?' says one. 'Do ye think ye can take them in?' says coachy. A general movement was begun, and but little space obtained; seeing which, one large man got up with the coachman, who says, 'There now make yourselves narrow, two of ye, (they were stout, rose-cheeked girls), and get in there, and come you (to the third), up with us.' And she went, and with the large man, had occasion for making herself 'narrow' indeed, in fitting into coachy's place; which, however, was finally done, coachy standing up in front of them. And all thus arranged, away we went, gaily as ever, to Glenaree, where leaving the three, and changing our large car for two of the single horse regular Dublin or Irish ones, and assigning our original party to each, we proceeded on our way along the windings of the coast. The chalky rocks at one time rising perpendicularly to the height of some hundreds of feet at our left, then passing through a tunnel, or by an inhabited cave in the rocks, we would soon again be looking upon the highly cultivated fields of the 'Green Isle' now happily promising a good crop—and we at length reached this little village of Cushendall, nestled down here at the water's edge, at an early hour of the evening.

Go visit the Sea.

BY MISS ELLEN T. HARRINGTON.

Go visit ye all the lovely blue sea,
A hymn of the wave for a season be;
For where can you find a parallel sight?
In some lone grove of the deep, or bright
With the fragrance of Doria, thy vigil keep:
The translucent wave, the crested billow,
These be thy couch; the mist, thy pillow.
Go roam the extent of the mighty ocean,
With music and gold together crowned;
Go visit the whirlpool's destroying verge,
Look ye on its foaming and briny surge.
And then on some clear and beautiful night,
When all is hushed in a silvery light,
Gaze ye from the lighthouse and coral bed,
On the high-arched vault that plays o'er thy head;
The bright shining star, the planet and star;
Where music and gold together crowned;
And the moon, the queen of the nightly train,
So brilliant when full, and lovely in wane;
Which orb, so bright in its silver crescent,
Lights on the wave a phosphorescent gleam;
Where music and gold together crowned;
The horizon's distant bounding line,
So lovely to view, and yet so sublime.
Regard ye the wild and threatening storm,
When the ocean assumes a frightful form;
When a sable darkness enshrouds the air,
And the lightning flash with a vivid glare;
When the tempest of night howls the sky,
And the clouds a flood on the ocean pour;
When rolling billows to mountains rise,
And seem to whisper with angry sighs,
Then cease a moment, they trouble thee,
But quickly break to disperse in the sea;
When the tempest of night howls the sky,
And the clouds a flood on the ocean pour;
And loud o'er the tempest echoes a cry
From a time-worn ship on the billows cast,
Which vainly endeavors to brave the blast.
Imagine on a dark, fearful night,
When all is equally grand and sublime,
On the deep where mortal folk never tread,
To see approaching the Son of God;
Divinely serene he walks o'er the wave,
With the power of Heaven, comes mighty to save;
He stills the winds with his sovereign word,
By his word he commands the ocean's roar;
Toward the Female Seminary, June, 1846.

For the Christian Reflector.

Dilapidated Meeting-houses.

Nothing attracts the attention of a stranger sooner, in passing through a place, than the condition of its public buildings. The prosperity and public spirit of the citizens is estimated, generally, by the condition of the public property. The same is true in regard to religious societies. One does not need to inquire whether a religious society is thriving and prosperous, when he can have access to its public buildings. If they are old, and out of repair, or dirty and neglected, they tell at once what is the condition of the society to which they belong. When you pass by a farm-house, and find the glass broken, and shingles or rags put in its place, you do not need any one to tell you that the individual who occupies it is far from being a thriving man. Every thing about the premises gives a true indication of the character of the occupant. Just so it is in regard to meeting-houses. They indicate with sufficient clearness what is the condition of the religious society to which they belong. It is vain to tell a traveller, when he looks at an old fashioned, dilapidated, and uncomfortable meeting-house, that it belongs to a numerous and wealthy body of Christians; for he knows, once that they are either abominably covetous, and therefore not prosperous, or that they are rent by discord and disunion, so that they cannot make their buildings appear respectable. It indicates at once, that something must be done in the church, before it can assume the appearance of prosperity, and one of the first signs of rearing prosperity will be manifested in repairing and making comfortable their house of worship.

But there are always some who will oppose any such movement. They think it is pride and popularity that demands it, rather than any well directed zeal for God. The house has been good enough for them and their fathers, and God has seen fit to bless the services in it to the conversion of many souls, and why should it be molested? And those who make this plea are often found among our oldest and most worthy church members. In many instances they are the deacons of the church, who have filled the office with honor for many years; and whose consistent and warm-hearted piety has commended them to the esteem and respect of the whole community. These good men will not chide their sons for tearing away the brush fences by which they enclosed their fields when they were first cleared, and placing in their stead a good and substantial stone wall. They will commend them for

it, because it renders the farm more valuable, and shows that their sons have some enterprise about them. But perhaps those fields will not produce any better, nor even so well, enclosed in a stone wall, as they did when they were protected only by a brush fence. Why not then say, that all such improvements are useless, and that it is a waste of time and money to make them? The reason is obvious. Every man knows that should such a feeling be encouraged his children would grow up void of enterprise, and instead of making improvements upon his farm, and thus increase its value, he would soon run it out and render it worthless. The same principle is true in reference to the property of religious societies.—If a parent wishes to instill into the minds of his children a disregard for all religious services, and a total neglect of all religious means, let him discourage any improvement upon the property of the society to which he belongs, and they will soon learn the lesson. Those children will grow up uninterested in the prosperity of religion, and very likely become infidels. Besides, such brethren do very much to dishearten and discourage those associated with them, who do feel a desire to see things advancing. I do believe that such things are very displeasing to God, and I hope that those who are laying stumbling blocks in the way of their brethren in this matter will be led to consider what they are doing.

The Power of Kindness.

At the London Sunday School Union Anniversary, one of the speakers said:

The governor of the Reformatory in the Isle of Wight, told me that there came into that prison a boy that had been convicted for some time, and as often committed to jail. He found that

'Law and terror did but harden,
All the while they worked alone.'
The governor remarked, 'When he came to my room I said, "My boy, I am your friend from this moment. I will take you to the chapel, and he will be your friend;" and together they prayed for that boy's conversion. He never displayed, during the two years he was in confinement, the slightest opposition to the will of the governor, who had thus acted kindly towards him. See what kindness can do!' The time of his imprisonment was over, and the governor told him that he had no longer power to keep him, that the doors were open. The boy stood at the door from morning to night, and said, 'Let me entreat you to keep me in prison.' So great had been the power of christian kindness over him. (Cheers.) I will mention another case, relating to a poor girl in a ragged school; and I trust that it will be thought improper to one of the hospitals. On leaving the school, she was pointed out to a friend, who said, 'I have seen her in the neighborhood in which she lived was so thoroughly bad, that it was imprudent to go without a friend. That girl, however, was one of the first-fruits of christian kindness in the ragged school. She joined the church of Christ, and under deep affliction was taken to one of the hospitals. On leaving the hospital, the sister of the ward remarked to a friend, "I am sorry that Mary is going to leave us." On inquiring the reason, she replied, "When the ward door was shut at night, and no one permitted to come in, Mary read the Bible, and then knelt down and commended us all to the goodness of God. She went to every dying person, and tried to point them to Christ as the only Savior." There have been girls in the school who, when they first entered, would put one arm around your neck, and then, with the other hand, have abstracted a coin from your pocket; and yet they have been reclaimed. (Hear, hear.)

Profession not Practice.

It was the part of wisdom to draw our conclusions with regard to Christian character, from the professions advanced by the majority of those who claim an adherence to the church of Christ, we should be led to believe that the present age is an era of uncommon piety among the followers of the Lamb. But unfortunately for the designs of faithful servants, we are taught by revelation a truth which experience has most fully confirmed, viz: that profession is not practice. When we make a declaration of our religious views and experience before the world, to the church we should remember that it is not only necessary for us to say that we believe the doctrines of the gospel, and admire the spirit of Christ, that we love the courts of the Lord's house, and feel a disposition to serve him with godly fear, but also to connect with that professed Christian activity and faithfulness, so that the language of a consistent example may succeed the language of the lips, and make a lasting impression upon the world, who need this influence in order to teach them the value of Christian principles. We must not only say that we regard prayer as vitally important to the prosperity of Zion; but also show that such regard is really cherished by us in maintaining its institutions within the secret solitude of the closet especially, and also around the fire-side of domestic affection as well as at the place where public circles meet for public supplication.

Again we must not content ourselves with the language of profession with regard to benevolence; but in order that the world may feel the force of our influence, we should let our private and generous supplies to the funds of charity be the accompaniments to our remarks and professions so that those who are not lovers of our Saviour, may become impressed with the belief that we have been in the blessed society of the Lamb for sinners slain, and learned from him the words of life and precepts of truth.

In order to attest to gainingy mortals the superiority of our principles those which they advocate when matters of spiritual importance arise, and indeed at every stated meeting of the brethren and sisters we should permit no matter of business to prevent our attendance upon those appointments, feeling conscious that at each successive absence we permit our neglect to accumulate, which if persisted in, will finally end in a derelict for the services of the sanctuary and privileges of the church, so that what was pleasant to our taste, will find a successful rival in the world from which we profess spiritually to be separated.

It is too much the case that members of churches are not sufficiently alive to practice, and neglecting this almost unconsciously, wound the cause in the house of its friends, and lay down the influence of a bad example to lead others astray. Profession is not practice; the former every one has the mental ability to present, but the latter requires sacrifice, energy, industry, and love. To cultivate these principles is not the work of a

day or a month, or years; but of life that God may be glorified and the spirit made happy in time and eternity. We have been sufficiently provided with delusion and fanaticism in our day, we should have supposed, to satisfy any mind; and it would be well for us now to endeavor to maintain a more elevated piety, and thus lay the foundation of greater spiritual excellence in the church so as to prevent the accumulation of more delusive theories to afflict the Zion of God, and divert its powers from the employment for which they are designed by the Great Head of the church.

Shushan, N. Y. June, 1846.

A Look into the Churches at Rome.

Among the people who drop into St. Peter's at their leisure, to kneel on the pavement, and say a quiet prayer, there are certain schools and seminaries, priests and otherwise, that come in, twice a day, thirty strong. These boys always kneel down in single file, one behind the other, with a tall grim master, in a black gown bringing up the rear; like a pack of cards arranged to be tumbled down at a touch, with a disproportionately large knife of clubs at the end. When they have had a minute or so at the chief altar, they scramble up, and filing off to the chapel of the Madonna, or the sacrament, flop down again in the same order; so that if anybody did stumble against the master, a general and sudden overthrow of the whole line must inevitably ensue.

The scene in all the churches is the strangest possible. The same monotonous, heartless, drowsy chanting, always going on; the same dark building, darker from the brightness of the street without; the same lamps dimly burning; the self-same people kneeling here and there; turned towards you, from one altar or other, the same priest's back, with the same large cross embroidered on it; however different in size, in shape, in wealth, in architecture, this church is from that, it is the same thing still. There are the same dirty beggars stopping in their muttered prayers to exhibit their deformity at the doors; the same blind man, rattling little bells, with his kitchen papper castors, their depositories for alms; the same preposterous crowns of silver stuck upon the painted heads of single saints and Virgins in crowded pictures, so that a little figure on a mountain has a head-dress bigger than the temple in the foreground, or adjacent miles of landscape; the same favorite shrine or figure, smothered with little silver hearts and crosses, and the like, the staple trade and show of all the jewels; the same odd mixture of respect and indecorum, faith and phlegm; kneeling on the stones, and spitting on them, loudly; getting up from prayers to beg a little, or to pursue some other worldly matter; and then kneeling down again, to resume their contrite supplication at the point where it was interrupted. In one church, a kneeling lady got up from her prayers, for a moment, to offer us her card, as a teacher of music; and, in another, a sedate gentleman, with a very thick walking-staff, arose from his devotions to belabor his dog, who was growling at another dog, and whose yelps and howls resounded through the church, as his master quietly relapsed into his former train of meditation—keeping his eye upon the dog, at the same time, nevertheless.—Dickens.

The late Pope Gregory XVI.

Correspondence of the Boston Atlas.

Rome, June 5th, 1846.

Pope Gregory XVI. died on Monday, the 1st, at a quarter past nine o'clock, A. M. On the Thursday week previous, Ascension day, he officiated at the church of St. John de-Latran, and took cold while blessing from the balcony the kneeling populace in the place San Giovanni, which brought on a slight rheumatic fever. It was not, however, considered at all serious, and he was setting out on the 26th, to celebrate St. Philip's day at the Chiesa Nuova, when symptoms of erysipelas appeared on his leg, near a running wound of long standing. On the 30th it had spread over the whole limb. He became sensible that his last hour was nigh, and partook of the communion. The next morning he died. The Cardinal Penitentiary, being absent from Rome, the extreme unction was administered by Abbe Proia; but the Pontiff was already senseless, and died before the superiors of the different orders could arrive to confer the various indulgences which they are empowered to bestow. He passed without a struggle from this world to the next, and I fear that after an impartial review of his life, it will be fair to presume that he is the only person who will suffer by the change.

Mauri Capellari was born at Belluno in 1765, and placed by his parents, respectable citizens, in a Benedictine convent of Camaldules. He soon distinguished himself as a profound scholar, and was chosen an officer of the monastery of St. Gregory, in this city, where he became so famed as a mathematician, that when the French army came here, Napoleon caused strict search to be made for him, with a view of taking him to Paris, and placing him in the professorship of mathematics at the Polytechnic school. He succeeded in keeping concealed, and after peace was restored increased his reputation by publishing the 'Triumph of the Church,' an Answer to Tamburini the Seceder, and other sectarian works. In 1825 he was named Cardinal by Pope Leo XII. and placed at the head of the Propaganda, or missionary school here; and on the 2d of February, 1831, crowned Pope, under the name of Gregory XVI. (in opposition to the strenuous remonstrances of Austria.)

As a man, if not greatly cultivated, he was passionate, not much restrained by his vows of chastity, and habitually addicted to the intemperate use of intoxicating drinks. This last failing enabled the French Government to obtain great favors at Rome; and he became so famed as a mathematician, that when the French army came here, Napoleon caused strict search to be made for him, with a view of taking him to Paris, and placing him in the professorship of mathematics at the Polytechnic school. He succeeded in keeping concealed, and after peace was restored increased his reputation by publishing the 'Triumph of the Church,' an Answer to Tamburini the Seceder, and other sectarian works. In 1825 he was named Cardinal by Pope Leo XII. and placed at the head of the Propaganda, or missionary school here; and on the 2d of February, 1831, crowned Pope, under the name of Gregory XVI. (in opposition to the strenuous remonstrances of Austria.)

Among the effects is a valuable library,

rich in oriental lore, but only containing the works of one novelist, and that one—Paul de Kock! In proof of his fondness for this unscrupulous Parisian, it is said that, when the former French Minister, M. de St. Aubaire, was presented, the Pope cut short his diplomatic harangue by asking, 'Did you leave Paris recently?' 'Last week.' 'And tell me, come stia! Signor Paolo de Kock?' The Ambassador was thunderstruck, and the Pope, thinking probably that he did not understand Italian, repeated his question in French: 'Comment se porte Monsieur Paul de Kock?' This time he had an answer, and seemed highly gratified to learn that his favorite was enjoying good health. With the exception of Cardinal Lambruschini, I have not seen a single person shed a tear since his death—a significant omen for those who seek

'To read a history in a nation's eyes.'

As head of the Catholic church, his reign has been marked by zealous proselytism;—and he has directed the bark of St. Peter with a vigor which contrasts strongly with his private life and civil government. In Belgium, the priest-hater, was, by a revolution, gained a kingdom. Spain and Portugal, after bloody struggles, have returned under the Papal yoke. In France, by temporarily sacrificing the Jesuits, he conciliated the people, and the church is rapidly gaining ground; and in Switzerland, the Romists came out of the bloody scenes of Lucerne triumphantly. The haughty Czar demanded pardon, in person, for his oppression of the Polish Catholics—the late King of Prussia was vanquished in the quarrel arising out of the imprisonment of the Bishop of Cologne—the anathemas launched by the disappointed Lamennais fell powerless; and overtures have been made, by the successors of 'Bluff Harry' on the throne of England, to form a concordat of peace and friendship. The ancient head of the Propaganda, he has sent his missionaries far and wide, reinstating the African Bishopric over the grave of St. Louis, and carrying the doctrines of Rome Eastward, by the emissaries, who left the Vatican, met in the Chinese Empire.

The only accession has been that headed by Ronge in Germany; while the accessions are shown by the fact that, during the sixteen years of his pontificate, forty new bishoprics have been created, sixteen of which are in North America. His zeal for the increase of his church in America was evinced by his readiness to receive our citizens—and most ridiculous have been some of the interviews. At one, last winter, an ex M. C., from New York city, and his wife, thought it requisite to kneel and follow the example of the faithful by kissing the cross on his slipper. The gentleman caught up a fan, and after a most reverent smack, undertook to pass it to the lips of his lady, who was kneeling beside him; but, in so doing, nearly overturned the Pope, who drew back his foot, exclaiming—'basta, basta,' [enough, enough.]

As a monarch of the Papal States, his partisans endeavor to excuse his many faults by saying that owing to his modesty he was overruled by the cardinals; but history will charge him with gross misgovernment and bigoted cruelty. No sooner was he seated on the throne than the occupation of Ancona, by the French, extorted from him a promise of reform and progress. How he fulfilled it? The answer will be found in his invitation to Austrian bayonets, under Jesuitical influence, to enforce his despotic laws—in the taxes which have oppressed his subjects—in his encyclical letter, which destroyed the liberty of the press—in his opposition to free institutions, the maintenance of the inquisition—and in the pertinacity with which, obstinate in wrong, he has clung to the antiquated prejudices which clog the advancement of society. In no other civilized nation are the people so ignorant—no other civilized nation is without a mile of railroad.

As soon as his death was announced to Riaro Sforza, the Cardinal Camerlingue, that functionary proceeded to the Quirinal palace, and raising the white veil with which the face of the deceased Pontiff had been covered, struck three blows on the forehead with a small silver mallet calling him by his Christian name, and then pronounced, 'He is dead.' The Cardinal then, after each blow, he then announced from the window, 'The Pope is a real morte, (the Pope is really dead), and broke the fisherman's ring and great seal of State, while the tolling of the great bell at the capitol was echoed until night by all the church bells in the city. The body was then embalmed, clothed in the pontifical robes of state, and taken to the Vatican Chapel, on a litter borne by white mules, escorted by a long procession of soldiers, priests, choristers, and monks carrying lighted candles. The next evening his heart was carried in a vase to the church of St. Vincent, and yesterday the body was placed in the chapel of St. Sacrament, in the basilica of St. Peter. It was seated on a throne, with the feet projecting through a railing, so that the people, as they pass, can kiss them.—The funeral ceremonies, called *Venera Diali*, have commenced, and at the expiration of the nine days the corpse will be placed in a coffin and carried on a bier to the entrance of the vault, where the interment will be made. The death of another Pope furnishes an occupant for the bier, and consigns him to his last resting place.

The College of Cardinals assembled this morning, and were addressed by Cardinal Micara, who, in a long discourse, reflected severely upon the politics of the deceased Pope, and exhorted his colleagues to choose a successor who would efface his memory. The full number of the college is 70, but at present there is only 63, of which 32 are citizens of the Papal States, 7 Austrian Lombards, 3 of Austria, 7 of Sardinia, 6 of Naples, 3 of France, 2 of Tuscany, and 1 of Spain, Portugal, England and Belgium. The oldest is 86 years of age, and the youngest 36. They wear, as a mourning garb, a violet silk cassock, with a belt of the same color, having tassels of gold, violet stockings and skull cap—which they are not in mourning, are red instead of violet; the pectoral cross is suspended by a gold chain around their necks. On the evening of the 11th they will enter into conclave for the election, proceeding to the hall in procession, chanting the *Veni Creator*.—When all are in, the doors will be closed, not to be opened until after the election is over. The canvassing will probably occupy several weeks, although the disturbed state of the country renders it advisable to hasten as much as possible. The provisions of the cardinals are sent to them meanwhile from their houses, and searched to see that they have no communication with any one without. To be elected the candidate must have two-thirds of the votes, not counting his own.

The candidate who has the most chances of success is cardinal Fransoni, president of the College of the Propaganda, and a Jesuit.

He was born at Genoa, in 1775, and is said to be a man of ability and erudition; but many think that on account of his Jesuitical principles France will veto his election, if he receives a majority of votes. He is very tall, spare and bald, is said to pass six hours every day in prayer, and has for some years been called the Cardinal Pope. He is now Cardinal Casaracani, born at Urbino, in 1779, is called the French candidate, and his election would probably be opposed by the Jesuit-ruled Austrians, as he is no friend to that order; he is said to entertain opinions, both in religion and politics, much more advanced and much more in conformity with the present enlightened age than are generally to be found among the Cardinals.

Cardinal Acton, a son of Sir Thomas Acton, of England, and fellow of Cambridge, occupies a high position at Rome, and it is not unlikely that he may be elected, by way of quieting both France and Austria; he is 44 years of age, a man of profound learning, as well as estimable character, and if Pope, might succeed in concluding a concordat with Great Britain. Cardinals Orsini and Micara are also spoken of, but the first is a protégé of Napoleon, and Micara, though his liberal principles would render him popular among the Roman populace, will find his humble origin a great obstacle. The Italian Cardinals, who compose a large majority of the college, are very aristocratic, and as most of them are of families numbering an infinity of quarters in their arms, they can never submit to having a plebeian placed over them, whose father had no coat of arms, if he had any other cast.

CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1846.

Sympathy with Brethren.

'Do good unto all men, especially to them who are of the household of faith; in an inspired injunction. Its manifest teaching is, that while we are to cherish feelings of benevolence toward all, we are to do this especially toward those to whom we are bound by religious ties and affinities.

In this obligation under which we are placed, there is a moral force. To the pious, we are peculiarly related in heaven. To the pious, we shall be peculiarly related in heaven. If we belong to this company, we have in respect to the highest ends of existence, the same aim, the same destination. The same blood has redeemed us and them, with all in every age and clime, who now, in virtue of its atoning efficacy, have entered into it. A common relationship to one Saviour, has thus been created. And the Spirit of grace seals alike the title of all to the promised inheritance.

Believers in Christ have besides, the same common conflicts and toils. The world, the flesh, and the devil, assail them all. Each in his appointed lot must resist, and struggle, and fight, in pursuing his course heavenward. Then our Master requires of all, common labors and sacrifices. His cause, he has given us to understand, is to be carried forward through the instrumentalities of us as God's husbandry.

Joined to the foregoing, Christians vary widely in their temperaments, natural characters, callings in life, and in their circumstances; so diverse are the appointments of Providence. Their claims to forbearance and sympathy, are thus seen to be mutual and urgent. How unlike are they found to be, in their tastes, their education, their business and professional relations. It has been thus in every age, from the apostles downward, and yet the time has never been, diversities of condition or of character, have never existed, when the obligation to love as brethren, ceased to be binding on all the members of the family of God.

The truth is, dissimilarity here rather creates, than diminishes, obligation. If between all believers there are perfect likenesses, there could exist no obligation to love each other, since there would be no room for its exercise. Unity must naturally result from an entire agreement of character.

God has given an explicit and binding force to the obligations which grow out of the mutual relations of Christians, as yet but blocked out, and rough hewn from the quarry of nature. And he creates in his minute and superintending providence, a thousand occasions, when, in reference to this matter, his children are tested, when the trial is applied to them, whether in love to one another, they will rise superior to selfishness, to the rebukes of the world, to bear each the burdens of his brother, to weep with those that weep, to throw themselves between the shafts that are malignantly aimed at reputation and happiness, and 'so fulfill the law of Christ.'

We live in a world, we sojourn in the midst of scenes and circumstances, the many diversities and malignant manifestations of evil, which among those who would propagate holiness, maintain their fidelity to God and his cause, the necessity for kindred sympathy, for the blending of hearts and of interests, can never cease. It is a necessity which applies to all, and to each in his turn.

Mutual affection among brethren is, moreover, let us not forget, a prominent and essential part of our religion. It is a proof to ourselves, as it certainly is to others, that we have 'passed from death unto life.' And as such affection and sympathy constitute an ever binding obligation, so in their faithful exercise, they bring us ever precious nearer to glory. They light up the otherwise almost unbroken gloom of our pathway, with rays and sunshine. Joy in our own bosoms wells up sweeter and purer as we minister the expressions of sympathy to others, and as we are ministered to by them.

In the absence of these benevolent manifestations, the diligence of angels, as we may well imagine, is more than ever taxed. They are sent forth with quicker flight, and with richer burdens, to minister to the heirs of salvation.' God will never leave his children unprotected in their necessities.

MUSIC IN THE SANCTUARY.—NO. II.

BY J. B. WOODBURY.

There seems to be a liberty allowed and indulged in the orchestra, or 'singing seats,' as they are more commonly called, which is anything but pleasant to the devout worshiper in God's house.

The first sounds that strike the ear of the congregation as they begin to assemble, are too often, loud whispering and even laughing, turning of leaves, falling of books, or unnecessary noise of tuning different instruments in churches where they are used. All such irregularities tend to depreciate the character of the choir, and the chorister who will allow them to be surprised that members of the church and congregation make frequent objections to joining it.

Choristers too often set a bad example by examining the different books, comparing them, &c., during services. We do not deny that it is often necessary to select tunes for the after part of the service, during the sermon, but it is seldom necessary to spend many minutes in so doing, and the Sabbath is no time for criticizing musical works. If the chorister's conduct is such as it should be, the whole choir, almost without exception, will follow in his path. His duties and responsibilities, on the Sabbath, rank next to those of the

preacher; let his conduct be regulated accordingly. How long would a church or congregation tolerate levity in the pulpit, and why should it be tolerated in the orchestra? Simplicity of style and execution, without monotony, should be the aim of every choir; without it, comparatively few of the congregation will appreciate and enjoy the exercise. Hardly one choir in a hundred is able to perform elaborate music in such a manner as to give satisfaction to the majority of the hearers, and even if they can, we very much doubt the propriety of its frequent use. A short and simple sentence, we consider, more suitable generally as an introductory or closing service, than the most difficult choruses. At the present day, when music is more universally cultivated than formerly, there is great danger of our neglecting the more simple psalms for elaborate anthems, choruses, and the like. To perform some plain tunes well, often requires as much cultivation of the voice and the powers of execution as the more intricate concerted piece or oratorio. Never attempt in church, more than can be accomplished, but in rehearsal we cannot aim too high. No one who has any musical taste can practice such pieces as the Hallelujah chorus by Handel, 'The Heavens are Telling,' by Haydn, without improving that taste, and becoming better for the exercise, and such pieces may often be introduced with fine effect in our churches, if the choir is large and qualified to execute such music with the firmness and ease which are so essential in performing pieces of so high order. No choir should attempt pieces at the opening of the service, except those of a general character, unless the subject of the discourse is known; if the hymns are sent in he can judge by them of the sentiment suitable for the introductory piece. If a death has occurred in the congregation it may be well to be governed to some extent by such a circumstance. The sentence of the afternoon should, generally, bear some affinity to the subject of the morning discourse; thus connecting the services of the whole day, and making the musical exercises what they should be—a part of the devotional exercises of the sanctuary.

TYRANNY OF THE PASSIONS, AND TRUE LIBERTY.

[Translated from Chrysostom.]

Just examine, and see whether self-command is not a greater possession than civil power.—What advantage, tell me, is there in having whole nations under your sway, while yet you are a slave to your passions? And what harm is it, to be destitute of power over even one person, if you are superior to the tyranny of the passions? This latter is liberty, is power, is royalty; the other is bondage, and a man should be encircled with a thousand diadems. For when a man is governed by a multitude of masters within, by avarice, for instance, by voluptuousness, by anger, and other passions, what good comes from his wearing a diadem? Notwithstanding his crown, he is a slave.—He only is a free man, who is free within; as he is a slave, who yields to foolish passions. No despot, however cruel, enjoins such harsh and severe commands. Do shame, say they, to your soul for naught, offend God, regard not nature herself, resist your father and your mother, banish all sentiments of reverence for them.—Such are the commands of avarice. 'Slay for me,' it cries, not calves, but men; slaughter the innocent; put to death even him who has heaped kindness on you. Heap up gold, not that you may enjoy it, but that you may watch over it and increase your cares.' For a man cannot possibly both be avaricious, and enjoy what he possesses; he is continually afraid that his treasures will waste away, and that he shall be reduced to poverty. 'Be wakeful,' it says; 'be suspicious of every man. If thou seest a poor man perishing with hunger, give him nothing; but if possible, tear off thy very skin. If necessary, go through fire, dare a thousand deaths. Exceed the serpent in bitterness, the wolf in rapaciousness. Descend even to the malice of a demon.' Does it not say such things, and is it not obediently heard? But what does God say? 'Be a friend to all, be gentle, offend no one causelessly, honor thy father and thy mother, deserve a good estimation, be not a man, but an angel; speak shameful, or false; think not even of so doing. Help the distressed; give no indulgence to rapacity; be not reproachful, nor self-confident.' Yet no one obeys the commands of God. Is it not just that there is a hell? Ought there not to be fire, the undying worm? How long will we push ourselves down the precipice? How long pierce ourselves with sorrows, and be obsequious to our wayward nature? We submit to severe trials, and reject the merciful Lord, who enjoins nothing harsh or unprofitable, but only what is full of advantage. Let us rise up and turn ourselves to the truth, love and serve God as we ought, that we may be accounted fit for the blessings promised to those who love him through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

INTERESTING FROM TROY.

The following cheering letter from Rev. Mr. Wade, to Des. Gilbert, of this city, under date of Feb. 15th, 1846, has been furnished us for publication:

I this day had the pleasure of receiving a letter from you enclosing a remittance of \$20, dated Oct. 30th, 1845. It came very opportunely indeed, for the brethren here are quite out of supplies, as they are also at Moultrie, of funds from the Board, and your remittance will allow me to send them a little for their present necessities. Bro. Osgood has just written me to say he is obliged to borrow money at a heavy interest to supply the wants of the mission at the present time. When you write again I shall hope to hear the doing of the special meeting of the Triennial Convention, mentioned in your last. I have not yet got a word from Mr. Peck, on the subject of my return to the old Board, but hope soon.—The last time I wrote you I sent my accounts for the year 1845, which I hope will go safe, and that they will prove satisfactory.

Since my return from Mergui, I have spent most of the time among the Karens in the jungle. First I attended a protracted meeting at Matak, which had been previously appointed by Mr. Mason. It was also attended by the other brethren for eight days; the assemblies were quite large, and there were pleasing indications of the presence of Christ by his Holy Spirit. Many of the members of the church professed to feel his influence in an unusual degree, and a good number manifested that brokenness of heart, that humble contrition for sin which led no doubt on our minds, of the real operation of the divine Spirit. A few appeared to be unmoved throughout the meetings. Twenty-five were received by the church, and baptized, most of these were relatives of those who had already become Christians, but we were encouraged to see several also among the candidates who have come out from the ranks of the heathen party. Nineteen others gave in their names as inquirers, and two chiefs promised to encourage a school in their district, if we would send them a school-master. This was peculiarly encouraging, because this district is in a region where hitherto we have not been able to get any footing for Christianity, a strong hold of heathenism and vice. Some complicated difficulties of long standing, and of a perplexing nature were settled in that summary manner, which is often witnessed in revivals at home, that is, by the

parties confining to each other with broken hearts, and cordially asking each other's forgiveness, which was as cordially granted.

After returning from Matak, brother Mason and I separated, he to go to the Southern Karens, and I to those on the river, above Tavoy, Lurto, and Nerville, which had not been visited by any of the missionaries since I left for Mergui. At both these places, with the aid of three native assistants, we held a series of meetings four days in each church. At Lurto, the church which we first visited, the meeting commenced on Saturday, and on Sunday morning, during a prayer meeting, the Holy Spirit began to be poured down upon the church like a shower of rain; one after another was so broken in spirit while attempting to pray, as to prevent utterance; as soon as this was the case, another would begin, and so on to as many as eight or ten, while the whole assembly was melted to tears. They were all kneeling, with their faces to the floor, and the meeting was dismissed, as I walked around the zayat I observed tears were left upon the floor where each had knelt. I have never before witnessed such a scene in India, and surely not any thing to equal it even in America. The interest continued increasing until we left. The meeting preparatory to the communion was peculiarly solemn, some of the members had not, as they expressed it, yet been moved by the Holy Spirit, and these as it came to their turn to speak would begin to say, 'ah! my stubborn heart, others on all sides of me are moved by the Holy Spirit, but I am not moved; and then burst into tears and be so overcome as to be unable to say more. One of the assistants had preached in this church for the two past years; when he came to speak he went round to every member weeping and asking each if he had any thing to lay to his charge, if he had given offence in anything. Those whom he addressed were equally affected, and the scene was one of overwhelming interest. After the last meeting with this church the communion was administered; this season was the most solemn of all; every one seemed to feel that Christ was evidently set forth crucified among them.

We had a similar scene at Nerville; at this place ten were added by baptism, and at Lurto, five, and at the two places thirteen more put down their names as inquirers. The native assistants at these meetings preached remarkably well, and with uncommon power. It seemed to be taught them by the Holy Ghost what they should say on each occasion; I was really as much edified by their preaching and exhortations as I have ever been under the preaching of any minister in America; I was often really surprised by the aptness and force of their remarks; they were evidently aided by power from above. The Lord be praised for this manifestation of his grace to the churches this season. I hope I may see and feel more of his salvation before I die, than I have yet seen and felt during my past missionary life. I feel encouraged.

Yours, very affectionately, J. WADE.

VISIT TO ROCKAWAY, L. I.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

At our last writing we were in Hartford, Ct. Two days later, and we were rambling among the fields and woody glens of Southington, a fine town in the valley of the Farmington, bounded on either hand by two ridges of hills, whose most Southern cliffs are the East and West Rocks of New Haven. Here we were charmed by many a rural scene, exhibiting nature in all the varieties of her wild magnificence, and inimitable beauty. The beloved Boston friend, who attended us, invested many spots with additional charms by reminiscences of his childhood. His vivid recollection and graphic sketching of characters and incidents of first adventures and boyish dreams, kindled in us an enthusiasm almost as great, as we would feel amid the haunts of our own happy childhood. With him we leaned on the marble monuments of his parents, and listened to the testimony of a mother's word and a mother's love. We visited the quiet little lake, which was his most favorite resort in the leisure hours of summer, and bathed and refreshed our wearied limbs in its soft and transparent waters. We mingled in the society of his beloved relatives, and shared bountifully in their household comforts. Here, too, we met their beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Pattison, and heard his story of a pastor's trials, and plans, and hopes. On the third day, we reluctantly left these scenes and friends.

Our passage to the cars at Meriden, six miles, was by stage; and it was on the memorable 10th of the month, when the extreme heat was the occasion of so much suffering. It was my lot to see a stage-horse, one of those after which was riding, reel in his harness, and when allowed to stop, and taken from the traces, to see him fall, the blood gushing from his nostrils, and the noble animal gasping in agony of death! The sight was a sad one. When I asked myself, must it be, to see a soldier—a fellow-man, erect and god-like—fall on the field of battle, and bleed, and pant, and die? Yet this is a sight which my country can exhibit to the gaze of God and man, and then talk of the glory she has won and the mercy she delights in!

At Meriden we met again our ever pleasant and most courteous friend, Mr. L., conductor of the train from Springfield to New Haven; and on account, as well as on account of the delightful scenery and towns on the route, we would recommend all travellers for pleasure to come this way, from Boston to New York. The fare has been much reduced, and from New Haven to New York, it is only one dollar, without an opposition line. I may also add here, that the steamboat 'Traveller,' on this route, is under the command of the long experienced and gentlemanly Captain Joel Stone, and is the swiftest boat on the Sound. We made the passage in four hours and a half.

We passed the Sabbath in New Haven. In the morning we heard a good sermon from Rev. Mr. Judd, pastor of the 2d Baptist Church. His text was John 15:1 'I am the Vine, and ye are the branches.' The theme was the union of Christ with his people. 1. Its character—spiritual—personal—intimate. 2. Its evidences. 3. Its benefits. Mr. J.'s style is cheery and often forcible. His manner is not very striking, but free from faults—especially from mannerisms. He would be highly acceptable in any New England pulpit, where evangelical truth, uttered with clearness and simplicity is loved by the hearers. The church under his care have nearly completed a neat church edifice, built of wood but in the Gothic style, whose location is on a corner of the 'New Green,' one of the most delightful spots in New Haven. They are happily united, and have received considerable additions during the past year. The First Church is now under the pastoral charge of Rev. S. D. Phelps, a well educated and highly esteemed brother, to whose polished pen the readers of the Reflector are sometimes indebted for valuable correspondence and beautiful poetry. I did not hear him preach, his pulpit being supplied that day by Rev. Mr. Lewis, of Agawam, Mass. Mr. L. preached from this text—'I am the Vine, the Truth, and the Life.' He adopted the textual plan, illustrated each point, and made appropriate inferences. It was gospel truth, well expounded and faithfully enforced.

After enjoying for a day the hospitalities of

my friend, Mr. Yale, of the Mansion House in Brooklyn, (a most airy, quiet and delightful place for visitors or sojourners in New York to make a home of), I came, in company with him and other friends, to Rockaway. This is the name of a famous beach and summer retreat on the south side of Long Island. Visitors come to Jamaica by the Long Island railroad, and from thence ride nine miles, through a highly cultivated region, by stage. The beach here is very long and broad, affording the finest facilities for riding or for bathing in the surf. Numerous dressing houses have been built along the shore. The breezes are cool and bracing, and hundreds are delighted to exchange the hot pavements and almost suffocating apartments of the city, for the luxury of their inhalation.

The 'Marine Pavilion' resembles 'Congress Hall' at Saratoga Springs, which it exceeds in size, and is admirably kept by Mr. Cranston. We are seldom happier in 'This life all chequered with pleasures and woes, That chase one another like the waves on the beach,' than we have been here within the last twenty-four hours. Enjoying the intimate acquaintance of a family of six sisters, with husbands, children, nephews and nieces, all gathered from their different homes; and to them added the presence of their friends and ours, Messrs. Neale, Caldwell, and Turnbull, (whose titles and residence our readers know without a designation), it will not surprise any of our friends to learn that both smiles and tears have been mingled with our conversations and songs. 'When shall we meet again?' and 'There is an hour of peaceful rest; we never sung with deeper emotion than they were in our happy choral last evening. One of our number had recently laid the companion of his joys and sorrows beneath the turf in Greenwood Cemetery. She was one of the loveliest of her sex, and died rejoicing in the Christian's hope, having in her last hours often repeated those beautiful lines of Mrs. Dana,—

'O sing to me of heaven!'

No wonder, then, that our joys were chastened, and our associations too sacred to be soon forgotten.

I ought to have noticed above my visit from Brooklyn to Greenwood Cemetery. I was greatly surprised to find it equaling, if not excelling, our own favorite and far-famed Auburn. It has more variety of surface, a better soil and hence a greener turf, and a larger growth of forest trees. Two or three charming little ponds lie embosomed in its glens, and monuments of great beauty are scattered about its hills. We understand that all the receipts of the Cemetery are employed to improve it, and to increase its attractions. The environs of New York afford no scene of greater interest.

NECESSITY AND ADVANTAGES OF EXPOSITORY PREACHING.—NO. IV.

4. Another advantage is that it makes a deeper impression upon the memory, by quickening the relative power. I am not unaware that a change at the present would be attended with difficulties. I have no doubt that at first expository discourses would not be so well received as others, but a taste might soon be created. It is not the main object of preaching to please for the time being, or to edify while we listen simply, but to impart knowledge which will be lasting, and afford matter for reflection, observation and conversation; subsequently, usually, that is the best sermon which is the longest remembered and treasured up in the mind. The minister not only labors for the present, but for the future. If a printer could say, 'I paint for eternity,' how much more truly can a minister say, 'I preach for eternity.' He speaks not only to those who may be assembled together, but through them to posterity.

Christians will remember Bible facts, arguments and illustrations far better than they do. They are more simple and natural. They have been read before, and being recorded, they will be read again. One proof of the divinity of the Scriptures is found in their singular adaptation to the moral wants of man.

Now, in expository preaching, we more naturally fall into this mode of exhibiting truth; 'comparing things spiritual with spiritual.' There is not time for long and unprofitable digressions. There is no inducement to do so on account of a dearth of matter, as may be the case when only one verse is taken. Andrew Fuller is an eminent instance of the point before us. He was exceedingly rich in Scriptural illustration. He had a felicitous faculty of irradiating one portion of Scripture, by the exhibition of another. He selected a passage, his divisions were easy and natural, his language plain and simple, his remarks pertinent and pungent, his illustrations mostly drawn from Scripture facts and history. His hearers felt at home, while he led them in the flowery meads and verdant landscapes of the Bible. We can hardly give too much authority and deference to the Scriptures.

'This is the judge that ends the strife When wit and reason fail.'

5. Another benefit is, we think it has more moral power. And the reason why we think so is, because it usually embodies more truth. And we regard truth as the basis of all correct Christian development. One thing is certain, there is a deficiency of moral power in much of modern preaching. May it not be that our sermons have lost one important ingredient? In the apprehension of some good and wise men, 'Christ and him crucified' are not enough the burden of our sermons. Our sermons ought to be perfumed with the anointment of Christ. In him all the lines of our ministry should meet, like the rays of the sun converged by a thousand lens to a focus of intense heat. Every doctrine, every precept, have a vitality only as they are connected with the cross of Christ. Expository preaching, in our judgment, will, other things being equal, usually embrace more of the narrow of the gospel. We would by no means be too general or sweeping in our remarks.

6. Expository preaching is more apostolic. Says Mr. Cecil, one of the most pious and excellent of English preachers, 'Our method of preaching is not that by which Christianity was propagated; yet the genius of Christianity is not changed. There was nothing in the primitive method set or formal. The primitive bishop stood up and read the gospel, or some portion of the Scriptures, and pressed on the hearers, with great earnestness and affection, a few plain and forcible truths, evidently resulting from that portion of the divine word; we take a text, and make an oration. Edification was then the object of both speaker and hearer; and while this continues to be the object, no better method can be found. A parable, or history, or a passage of Scripture, thus illustrated and enforced, is the best method of introducing truth to any people who are ignorant of it, and of setting it home with power on those who know it; and not formal, doctrinal, argumentative discourses. Truth and simplicity are the soul of an efficacious ministry.'

The Puritans were still farther removed from the primitive method of preaching. They would preach fifteen or sixteen sermons from a text. A primitive bishop would have been shocked with one of our sermons; and, such is our taste, we should have been shocked with one of his. They brought forward Scripture, we bring for-

ward statements. They directed all their observations to throw light on Scripture, we quote Scripture to throw light on our observations.'

This picture may be overdrawn, but it contains a great deal of truth. We may learn from Paul himself, the character of his preaching. 'And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.' 'Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual.' The parables of Christ, the discourses of Peter, in the second, third and tenth of Acts, of Stephen in the seventh, Paul in Antioch, on Mars Hill, in Jerusalem, and before King Agrippa, are all noble instances of expository preaching. The more apostolic our preaching the better.

7. Another benefit would be, it would lead ministers to cultivate the power of exhortation more. It is not a fact that modern ministers are defective in this old-fashioned but godly gift? The primitive method was to 'testify and exhort.' While there may be a sufficient amount of testimony, we sometimes find there is too little exhortation. We may testify ever so well, but if we do not exhort, much of our labor is lost. We may spread out the truth, but that is not enough; the people are not so ready to draw inferences upon the subject of religion. Hence the necessity of earnest entreaty and vehement exhortation. 'Barabas was a good man, and when he came to Antioch, and had seen the grace of God, was glad and exhorted them all that with full purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord.' Would not expository preaching, in being less formal and rigidly systematic, tend to revive this too obsolete exercise of modern ministry? In many instances, the painful contrast between primitive and present times would make us exhort our people in 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.'

8. Expository preaching seems to comport better with the mission of our ambassador. What is the duty of an ambassador? Plainly to deliver a message, to transact business, for his government or king. So ministers deliver a message from God to men, and in the name of Christ beseech men to be reconciled to God. In doing this, it is necessary to explain his message, expound his commission. Not a studied oration, so much as a full and free explanation of his message becomes an ambassador. It also more fully answers the true idea of preaching—that of proclaiming—than our common topical preaching. Both are good, but we are now speaking of the comparative advantages of expository preaching.

9. Expository preaching is good in its influence upon the minister himself. Care will be necessary, lest we are too critical and philosophical in our expositions, so as to weary the patience of our hearers. It is a fact that ministers are in danger of studying the Bible too much with reference to preaching, and not enough with respect to its piety, and personal influence upon its blessedness, in its transforming influence upon their own souls. Unless they are on their guard, they will read the Bible, preach and pray professionally. No man can preach the gospel *exactly*, with close, continuous study, without delving into the mines and opening the rich veins of Bible truth, which will prove highly beneficial to himself. It will exert a practical, holy influence upon himself, aside from increasing his knowledge as a preacher.

10. The pulpit will exhibit a greater variety of truth than it sometimes now does. It will break up that dullness, destroy that tiresome sameness, of which some are guilty. It will prevent, to some extent at least, a tendency to ride some hobby; to dwell perpetually on some one truth, to the neglect of others equally important. No matter what text some men take, they always reel off the same quickly, run into the same strain of truth. The favorite subject of one, let him select what text he may, is baptism; of another, the sovereignty of God and election; of another, human agency; of another, the saint's perseverance; of another, abolition, the advent of the Saviour, the return of the Jews, &c. The man who can sound only one note in the gospel instrument is exceedingly inefficient, compared with him who can with ease sweep the whole diapason.

11. Expository preaching would necessarily present the facts of the gospel more prominently. At the present day, we preach too little the facts, and too much the philosophy of religion. If we should expound either of the gospels, we should, like the apostles, be forced to dwell more on the facts of religion: 'Christ and him crucified'—'Jesus and the resurrection,' and other kindred ascendant truths. Our sermons might have less display, but would probably have more power. There would be sufficient scope for all our originality, in comments and illustrations.

12. Finally, it would lead the people to study more the Bible for themselves. And this is the great desideratum of the religious world at the present time. Our hearers would be surprised at the fulness and variety of Bible truths, and would search and love them more.

'Tis a broad field of wealth unknown, Where hidden glory lies; Seeds of immortal bliss are sown, And pleasure never dies.'

Hinesburgh, Vt., June 22, 1846. A. N. S.

TOWNSEND, MASS.

Townsend, Mass., July 14th, 1846. MESSRS. EDITORS.—The writer of this letter, having spent a few days in Townsend, Mass., wishes to make known his impressions to the public. This place is the seat of a ladies' seminary, of considerable note. When we first beheld the buildings of this institution rising in the midst of a lovely village, surrounded by the green woods and romantic hills, we thought, truly this is a well chosen retreat for the young of the sex. Here indeed Learning must appear with alluring charms. We thought of many of our fair friends, doomed to seek her amid the din of the city, where dreary walls meet the eye, or clouds of dust obscure the sight, when they should go forth to inhale a pure air, and to the music of cheerful birds and bounding rills, rejoice with nature in her living green. Anxious for their good, we desired that they might see this lovely valley, and court fair science in this her inviting shade.

It was the next morning when returning from a walk, that we heard the Seminary bell ringing, and soon were seen groups of ladies gathering with swift step and light heart to the scene of their eager toil; all animate with health and joy. The charm of beauty, we thought, was heightened by an unusual glow of intelligence. Our eyes were never better pleased till the next day when, agreeable to an invitation which we had sought, we beheld the interior of the institution. We visited the several recitation rooms whilst the classes were reciting, lingered long in the music and the library and society rooms, and we saw the whole school together. We witnessed only the thoroughness, and though we witnessed only the every day exercises, we felt assured that it would be almost useless to look for another female school more ably and wisely conducted, or one which presents a scene of moral, intellectual and natural beauty so unblemished. It should be known that the Principal of this Institution is Miss Hannah P. Dodge, and among the other teachers, are Miss Sarah B. W. Wilson, Miss

Caroline S. Whitwell, and Miss Ellen T. Harrington.

Our interest in the Institution being excited, we visited the principal boarding establishment connected with it. It is surprising in how many cases an institution otherwise excellent, becomes ill-fitted for its object from the want of proper boarding accommodations. All judicious parents, however, must look well to the place where their daughters are to board, no less than to the department of learning itself. Here the house of the most ample accommodations is conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Warren. Their paternal regard for the comfort and happiness of their boarders, and their faculty to control without giving offence, could not have been surpassed by our hopes; and in the excellence of fare, neatness and elegance of accommodations, their house is all that the wants of a Ladies' School demand, and all this, none too good for the pleasant company of boarders they entertain, among whom are the teachers of the Seminary themselves. The price of board, including washing, lights, &c., is \$1.02 per week. The annual examination, we learn, will occur on the 29th inst., to be followed by a vacation of three or four weeks.

The merits of this institution are not unknown to the public; still should any parent not now interested in this school, be reminded that here is an excellent place for his daughters, the desires of one who seeks the public good will be gratified.

VIATOR.

SEND BACK THE MONEY.

It will be remembered by our readers, that two years since, a deputation from the Free church of Scotland visited this country, to obtain assistance in the erection of houses of worship throughout Scotland, for those who had nobly separated from the Established Church, after leaving their earned and solemn protest against, what they deemed her unchristian and unconstitutional proceedings. They resolved to be free, and in carrying their resolution into effect, they sacrificed houses of worship, parsonages, lands and church livings to an immense amount. The deputation which came to this country to solicit aid, were early and earnestly entertained by the committee of the American and Foreign Anti-slavery Society, not to visit the slave States, nor ask assistance from slaveholders, nor take the price of blood to build free churches and pay free ministers in Scotland. The deputation paid no heed to this request. They visited the South, mingled on a moral and Christian equality with slaveholders, and received from them, contributions to the amount of about 3,000 pounds sterling.

Since their return, the question of refunding this money has been widely agitated. Deep feeling exists in Scotland and England upon this subject at the present time. At a meeting which is represented to have been 'large and most enthusiastic,' held in Finsbury Chapel, London, in May last, spirited addresses were made advocating the return of the money. As indicative of the character of the feeling which there exists, we present below extracts from a few of these speeches:—

Dr. Campbell then stood forward, and was received with loud cheers, on the subsidence of which he said—the money—the money—the money will be sent back. (Cheers.) The people of England—of whom I look upon this meeting as a fair specimen, will demand that the money be sent back. (Cheers.) The people of England will have no fellowship with slaveholders. No small sum of the entire contributions raised by the Free church, was contributed by the people of this country, and the Evangelical Alliance reject the slaveholder—we reject the slaveholder's money. This money shall not clink in the same box. (Loud cheers.) The Free church at this moment, is an object of interest to the civilized world. The Free church people are a body of noble men and the Free church people are every way worthy of their ministry. The sun in itself is a trifle. I believe they have received, after all, only just enough to pollute the glorious stream which, from honorable sources, has been poured into their treasury. To what do it amount? To the paltry sum of £3,000 out of an amount somewhere about £750,000 or £760,000. (Hear, hear.) Will they be losers by parting with this £3,000? If they could only just succeed in a manly effort to eat their own unwise words, to shift their position, they might soon extricate themselves. They will, they must give it up. (Cheers.)

J. T. Price, Esq., said—It would be desirable that such a meeting as this, after the information it has received should express its opinion that the Free church of Scotland, in order to have a fair claim to the title it has taken, should disengage itself from the money it has received. It appears to me that this meeting is likely to act as an emetic, and make them throw it up. [Laughter.] I have to move, 'That in the opinion of this meeting, it is the duty of the Free church of Scotland to send back the money they have received from their upright and Christian countrymen against the crime of American slavery.' As a witness of the Society of Friends, it is almost unnecessary for me to say, that I do conscientiously hold the necessity of Christian churches being free; the gospel ought to be free, and by that means the blessing of the great Head of the church would descend upon them. (Cheers.)

John Scoble, Esq., briefly seconded the resolution, which was put and carried amid long continued cheers.

George Thompson, Esq., being loudly called for, then rose and said—I did not anticipate there would emanate from this meeting, the resolution which you have so unanimously and so enthusiastically adopted. You have done well; you have done a good part in this vast meeting, by thus bearing your testimony against the error committed by the Free church of Scotland, in receiving contributions from the slave States of America. A word on behalf of the people in connection with that church. The facts of the case are these:—The money being received by the deputation, brought home by them, and appointed by those who have the management of the affairs of the Free church, there does exist in the minds of the deputation, and their intimate friends in the Free church, a very strong disinclination to send the money back. They had committed themselves before the agitation of the question in Scotland to any great extent. When it was spoken of in the newspapers, a defence was set up of the course the deputation had pursued, and it became necessary as the opposition grew stronger, to utter this defence over and over again, till, unhappily, some of the most distinguished and illustrious men connected with that church were so deeply committed by the reiterated expression of their opinion, that I did not know that a more hopeless task could be imposed upon them to recant their opinions, and record the return of the money. The people of the Free church are with you. I have received during the last month, multitudes of letters addressed to me by members of the Free church of Scotland, stating that they are ready to make up the money over and over again. They are remonstrating with their ministers, and they are leaving their churches. (Cheers.) I was told that last Sunday week, 250 members of the congregation of Dr. Candlish, perhaps the most popular man after Dr. Chalmers, vacated their seats in the Free church, and left their empty pews to bear testimony against the conduct of the deputation. (Cheers.) The majority of the ministers of that church are with us; and I do believe that if Dr.

The Family Circle.

"O, the sweet atmosphere of home! how bright
The sunbeams shine when we sit together
Under a bow of love in summer weather,
Or round the hearthstone in a winter's night."

For the Christian Reflector.

Prayer.

When the light of day departs,
Lingering on the western sky,
O, 'tis good to raise our hearts
Gratefully to God on high—
For the Christian Reflector.

Our complaints, joys, fears, and
All that blesses here and there,
The kind compassion of his love.

When the shades of night are thrown,
O, 'tis good to see the light
Beaming from our Father's throne:
For his kindness and his care,
Know his angels hover near,
With protecting love and power,
In night's calm and solemn hour.

When the beams of rising day
Call forth from our repose,
O, 'tis good to kneel and pray
For that grace which God bestows—
What can we accomplish here,
Without frequent, fervent prayer?
Better that no day should dawn,
Than no prayer arise at morn.

In adversity's dark hour,
When the rays of hope depart,
When affliction's drenched power
Comes to try and break our heart—
Haste ye to the throne of love,
For assurance, hope, relief;
Prayer a healing balm will prove,
To the bosom wrung with grief.

Worcester, May, 1846. JUSTICE.

Ally Fisher.

BY FANNY FORRESTER. [Mrs. Judson.]

Study, study! Trudge, trudge,
Trudge! Sew, sew, sew! What a busy,
Busy day! Day in, day out, late and early, from week's
end to week's end, it was all the same. Oh,
how Ally's feet, and hands, and arms—
And sometimes her heart ached, too—poor
child!

And did any body love poor Ally Fisher—
the busy, busy, busy, busy, busy, busy,
the forlorn child, who was neither interesting
nor beautiful? Was there any body to love
her? No one but her mother—a poor old
looking woman, with a faded green
bonnet, and a patched chintz frock, and who
never stopped to smile or shake hands with
any body, when she walked out of the left
large church. This desolate, old-hearted
woman, with her bonnet and her faded
face—this dame Fisher, whom the boys called
scares-crow, and the girls used to imitate
in her visible wretchedness, seemed to belong
to this bright, beautiful world, bore a measure-
less, unaccountable sorrow, and her faded
garments and the ugly person; and she
lived in his holy world on poor little
Ally. Ally had a father, too, but he did not
love her. He loved nothing but the vile
grocery shop at the corner of the street, and
the brown earthen jug which he yet had hu-
manity enough to leave behind him. Ah,
now you see why Ally Fisher was un-
happy. Now you see the vice in whose
shadow the stricken child matured so rapidly.
Now you are ready to exclaim with me,
"Poor, poor Ally Fisher! God help her!"

Ally tried very hard to help herself; but
her mother was always so feeble, and there
were several little ones younger than herself.
What could poor Ally do? She went to
school—that she would do—because she never
could accomplish any thing at home in
the small, crowded room, with all those thin-
faded, miserable little creatures about her;
but she took her seat with her, and every
moment that she could steal from her books,
was devoted to earning bread.

Ally went from the door, where each hope
of her life had been cruelly crushed, with a
swelling heart, and faltering step. Over the
side across the way, the little blue eyes of
the Spring-voles were looking up lovingly
from beneath the eaves, and the green and
dancing glances of the sparrows were in the
sunlight; and on a brown maple bough
where leaf-buds were swelling ready to burst
with life, a little bird, the first Spring bird,
carolled as blithely as though it might bring
Eden to a desolate, disappointed heart. Ally
Fisher heard the birds, and she felt that her
fringed boundaries, and fell in a sparkling
shower upon her bosom. Then she crossed
the stile and the stream, and passed the
trees, till she found a solitary nook away
in the heart of the wood; and here she knelt
and prayed. How strong was Ally Fisher
when she left her retreat! The arm of Him
who is almighty, was about her.

Ally Fisher passed with quite as light a
foot as usual, over the dried leaves through
which the tender Spring-blades were peep-
ing, and beyond the border of the wood, till
she came in sight of a beautiful central lake,
on the banks of which, the young green was
striving with the pallid spoils of last year's
frost. Ally Fisher heard the birds, and she
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The tears crept to Ally's eyes, but they
had no time to fall. She heard a shriek,
and saw the woman cowering over the verge
of the lake, her hands clasped as though in
an ecstasy of agonized fear.

"The child! thought Ally, as she sprang
forward, new life in every limb and lighting
up her eye.

She was right. The little one was just
rising to the surface, after her first terrible
plunge; Ally caught a glimpse of a pale, ag-
onized face, then a fold of scarlet, and all
disappeared, except the successive rings
formed by the rippling water.

"It is not dead yet," she said,
"half to the water, half to the careless nurse,
where I only tatter."

She stepped into the water carefully as
though to insure in the outset a firm footing.
Another step and the water grew deeper—
another—another. The water had arisen
above her waist, and her slight figure seemed
swayed by its undulations. Dare she go
farther? O, the lake was so still—only a
ripple on its surface, and a life—a life at
stake! Again on, more steps—the little
scarlet dress appeared just before her. But
one, one short step more! She falters—
reels—she grasps it! Now, Ally! See,
she presences deliberately to steady herself—
her presence of mind, even in the moment
of triumph has not forsaken her, and her

foot is still firm. She returns slowly, safely
to the shore and sinks with her recovered
human treasure at the feet of the terrified
nurse.

Ally Fisher opened her large wondering
eyes upon a strange scene. Her head lay
upon a pillow of rich purple velvet; and she
lay upon her singular couch to magnifi-
cent folds of drapery, heavy golden cords
half hidden in their soft shadows, rich mas-
sive furniture, the use of which she did not
understand—all the wonders of this magic
palace—quite unheeding a kind face beamed
anxiously over her.

"O, I was so cold, and you so good!"
was the first exclamation she heard; and
then from a sofa at the other side of the
room came a pale, beautiful lady, who whis-
pered, "dear child! God bless her!" in low,
tremulous tones, as though the terror had
not yet gone from her heart.

"Does she recover?" inquired another
voice. "O, yes, she is a strong, and though
strong there was no subdued tremor in it
which gave evidence that the string on which
it vibrated had been lately jarred by fear
and sorrow. 'Does she recover?' This
noble dame had her own's as Marcia is.
She shall never go back to that poor hotel
again."

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again."

"My mother!" was Ally's answering re-
mark. "O, mother, will you be so frightened! I must
go to my mother now."

It was in vain that the lady and her hus-
band and even the attending physician in-
sisted on her remaining, at least until she
was quite recovered, and offered to send for
her mother. Ally arose to her feet and
smiled, her usual smile.

"I am well, quite well. It didn't hurt me
at all; I was only frightened because I
thought the poor little girl was dead. To be
sure I shouldn't fear the dead, but when I
saw her in my arms—was you sure she was
well?"

"She will, and it was you who saved her
life."

Ally shuddered. "Ugh! her cheek was
cold! just like little Willie's. But you say
she will get well, and I am very glad, though
sometimes I think it would be a pleasant
thing to die and go to heaven where Jesus
Christ is. It is so dreary here!" she added,
in a pitiful tone, half musingly.

Dame Fisher was surprised to see the
family carriage of the Burrells draw up at
her humble door, and more surprised when
her own Ally, in strange garb, "a world too
wide," sprang from it, her pale face really
brilliant with excitement. Ally's large eyes
were larger than ever, and the heart's light
was centered beneath their jetty fringes—
while her mother, the life no longer pale, was
wreathed with unusual smiles.

"O, mother! I have saved a life! Is not
God kind to let me do so great a thing?"
Strange that neither Ally nor her mother
thought of the school that night that Ally
had been anxious to obtain, heavy as the
disappointment was! Nay is it strange?
They thought of it in the morning, how-
ever, and then dame Fisher was more sad
than Ally.

"So you are to sew your life away," she
said, despondingly, "my poor, poor Ally!"
"No mother, God will take care of me."
It was not noon when the family carriage
of the Burrells again appeared at the door
of Ally Fisher's miserable cottage.

Ally looked at her mother, whose thin
face now glowed with gratified attention;
glanced at the broken walls of the miserable
house she called home; turned from the little
half-starved figure to another; and then
approaching the lady, said in a low, firm
voice, "You must come to see me, and I will
go to bless you for it; but I must not go
away from here."

"Must not?"
"Must not, Ally!" exclaimed the surprised,
disappointed mother.

Ally's voice became choked. "This is a
very poor place—I never knew how poor
until I came to see the grand houses—
but I have always lived in it."

"But the sewing and that terrible pain in
your side my dear," interrupted the mother.
"It will be better soon, I think; and maybe,
I shall not have to sew so much now for
Mary is growing bigger."

"Mother don't drive me away from home."
"We will give you a home," pleaded the
lady, "the house you saw yesterday." There
you shall have anything you can wish—things
much more beautiful than you have ever seen
in your life—and little Marcia whose life you
saved will be with you, and we will all be
together."

"Then who will love my poor, poor mother-
er?" and Ally burst into tears.

At the commencement of the conference
a head had been raised from a pile of bed
covering in a corner of the room, and a red,
blasted face looked out on the group with
vague wonder. Soon an expression of intel-
ligence began to lighten up the heavy eyes,
and now then a trace of something like
emotion appeared upon the face. At Ally's
last words there was for a moment a strange
convulsive working of the features and the
head fell heavily back upon the pillow.

It was in vain that both the lady and dame
Fisher pleaded. "Oh, it was nothing; I
couldn't let the little girl down when she was
so easy to go into the water. It was nothing;
so I do not deserve that beautiful home. I
shouldn't be of any use there either, and here
I am indeed."

"But I will give you five times the money
you could by sewing and that," urged the lady,
"if you will stay here!"

"Ally was for a moment staggered.
"So you would help me by going than by
staying, added the dame, quite forgetful
of self while so anxious for her child's wel-
fare."

"But mother, who would hold your head when
it aches, and bathe your temples, and kiss
away the pain, and then sit and watch you
while you sleep? And when the trouble
comes who would try to make it light and
help you to find all the happy things to weigh
against it? And who would sit with you at
evening when you are lonely? Who, moth-
er, would read the Bible to you for you told
me yesterday that your eyes were failing;
and who would—would love you, mother?
Oh, I must stay here! All those beautiful
things would only make me sadder if you
could not have them too; and so you must
let me stay here in the old house, for it is the
only place where I can be happy. God
would not love me if I should leave you with
all the children to care for and none to com-
fort you when sad."

The lady's eyes were suffused with the
heart's dew, as with a neutral blessing on the
young girl's head and a silent determination
to reward the self-denying spirit richly, she
turned away.

"You have sacrificed yourself for my sake,
Ally," sobbed the dame, folding her gentle
child in her arms. "Oh, why did you do it?"
"No mother, I am happier here, and I
—Ally," pointed to the bed meaningly.
"I couldn't mention it before."

"Yes, darling, you are right—you always
are; I would kill myself without you in a
week, I know. But oh, it is a dreadful thing
to see you, poor Ally!"

Ally was at her sewing as calm and quiet

as if nothing unusual had occurred, though
there was a singular bright spot on her cheek;
and the dame had busied herself in preparing
the children's supper when Ally Fisher crept
from the bed and glided half-timidly to the
door.

"Don't go to night, father," whispered Ally,
laying her slight hand on his, and fixing her
large mournful eyes on his face most plead-
ingly.

"Don't go! I will hem the pretty new
handkerchief I bought for you to-day, and
sewing whatever you like best while I am doing
it; or I will read to you from my beautiful
library book, or do any thing you like—only
don't go! It is very lonely here without you,
father."

"The lips of the miserable man parted as
though he would have replied; but the words
seemed choking him, and he brushed hastily
past her. Tears came to Ally's eyes as she
turned again to her work, but no one heeded
them."

"That evening passed as hundreds of others
had done. The children were all sent to
bed, and then Ally and her mother sat down
by their one tall candle to earn bread for
them."

"It is so pleasant to be together!" said Ally,
raising a face all beaming with gratitude.
"Yes, but you lose a great deal by it, dear."

"Oh, no I lose nothing. I should have
lost a great deal if I had gone away from you.
Mother I have been wondering since this
morning that God has been so kind as to
keep us together while I am so ungrateful.
I never knew how happy it made me to be
with you till now."

"We never see half the blessings which
God bestows upon us, darling."
Murmured—she surrounded by comforts
and elegancies, feasting on dainties and roll-
ing in luxury—oh, could you look upon
dame Fisher's cottage, with its bare, broken
walls and scanty furniture. And yet the poor
drunkard's wife was really more blessed than
you—blessed with the inner wealth of a
"meek and quiet spirit." She never mur-
mured.

The hour of tea drew near, and Ally's
quick ear caught the sound of a step upon
the door-stone.

"Father! he is very early. Oh, I hope he
has not—"

She had no time to finish the sentence.
The door was thrown wide open with a quick,
earnest, joyous dash.

"I have done it, Ally! I have done it!
There—there—there! Don't look so fright-
ened pussy; it is nothing bad—it is some-
thing good—very good. It will make your
little heart glad, and I ought to make it glad
even in your sorry life, birdie, dear.
Shall I tell you? shall I tell you Ally? I have
taken the step—the step; and now my dar-
ling, your poor mother shall have somebody
to love her, and so shall you too. Oh, it has
been a dreadful course; it has almost broken
my heart sometimes to think of my misera-
ble ways; and I have felt the worst when you
thought I was stupid and didn't care. Some-
times I have been determined to break away,
but then I was tempted and couldn't. Now
I have done it! I will tell you with all my
heart; so help me God."

"That night there was not so happy a house
in all the State of New York as the wretch-
ed hotel to which Billy Fisher had brought
such unexpected joy. Ally—oh, no! she
never regretted having sacrificed her
bright prospect to the happiness of those
she loved; for never was human heart more
deeply blessed than gentle trusting Ally
Fisher's. Other and more brilliant blessings
now cluster around her path, but these are
mere trifles compared with the great first
one."

It was gone with one, sweet Ally; thy
noble mother, who had loved thee, who had
loved him, God, pure-hearted one. There is
still more for thee to do.

"Still thy smile like sunshine darts,
Into my soul a new light,
For a smile of God thou art."

Children's Corner.

For the Reflector.

Sabbath School Lesson.

Messrs. Editors.—We are using in our
Sabbath School at present, an admirable
Question Book. On the various duties which
we owe to God and to each other, and you
may be assured that we prize it very highly.
Lesson thirteen, however, which treats of
Love to Man, breaks off, as we think, rather
too suddenly. We are great friends to the
children, and our endeavor is, to teach our
children, and hummer, and hummer, and
to all who are in involuntary bondage. Will
you have the kindness to insert in the Reflec-
tor the following lesson, so that our school
can have the benefit of it by the first Sabbath
in August? Perhaps it may serve for others
of your readers besides ourselves. We will
name it.

LESSON XIII.—PART SECOND.
Love to Man.

1. Have all mankind one common origin?
Acts 17: 26.

2. But is there not a difference of complex-
ion among men?

3. Is there any authority given in the word
of God, for the light-complexioned to domi-
neer over, and enslave those of a dark com-
plexion?

4. What is the rule for governing our
conduct toward mankind? Matt. 7: 12.

5. What is the rule for loving our neighbor?
Lev. 19: 18.

6. From the parable contained in Luke 10:
30-37, who, should we infer, is our neighbor?

7. If a portion of mankind are in bonds
for no crime, should we not especially sym-
pathize with them? Heb. 13: 3.

8. Would this lead us to pray for them?
10. Should we endeavor to free them, to in-
duce slave-holders to liberate their slaves?
11. If slaves should run away from slavery,
should we arrest them, and return them to
their masters? Deut. 23: 15, 16.

12. Is it right to petition and remonstrate
against slavery?

13. Ought professedly pious masters to
keep Bible from their slaves, because the
law may forbid their having the Bible?
14. Should a man be considered a Christian,
who will buy and sell slaves?

15. Do you ever question a slave's sincerity,
who says, "I am a friend to the slave, but—"
Or, "I am as much of an abolitionist as any
one, but—?"

16. How much might be presented in con-
nection with the foregoing, but this will suf-
fice.

G.—N. H. July 1.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider
breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times
he will mend it again. Make up your mind
to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not
if trouble comes upon you; keep up your
spirits, though the day be a dark one.

Troubles never stop for ever.
The darkest day will pass away!

If the sun is going down, look at the stars;
if the earth is dark, keep your eye on heav-
en! With God's presence and God's prom-
ises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

Never despair when you're in the air!
Mind what you run after! Never be con-
tented with a bubble that will burst, or a fire-
work that will end in smoke and darkness.
Get that which you can keep, and which is
worth keeping.

Something sterling that will stay,
When gold and silver fly away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Ang-
er will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark
will set a house on fire. A fit of passion
may give you cause to mourn all the days
of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that revenges knows no rest.
The most potent a peaceful heart.

If you have an enemy, set kindly to him,
and make him your friend. You may not
win him at once, but try him again. Let
one kindness be followed by another, till you
have compassed your ends. By little and
little great things are completed.

Water filling day by day,
Weeds which grow thick and strong.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy
that is whistled at by a crowd of boys, and
a man that is compelled to work care-
less well, how badly it is performed. He
that pulls off his coat cheerfully, and strips
up his sleeves in earnest, is the man for me.

A cheerful spirit goes on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than li-
ons and tigers, for we can keep out of the
way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts will
hold no more; keep your heads and hearts
full of good thoughts, that bad
thoughts may not find room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive and pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away.

Alaralist and Miscellaneous.

Taverns Seven Hundred Years Ago.

The following description of a drinking
tavern or groggery, is in the seventh part
of the confession of the Waldenses and Albigenses,
composed at least as far back as the year
1120, or 726 years ago. It will be seen that
the description of the Burrells' draw up at
her humble door, and more surprised when
her own Ally, in strange garb, "a world too
wide," sprang from it, her pale face really
brilliant with excitement. Ally's large eyes
were larger than ever, and the heart's light
was centered beneath their jetty fringes—
while her mother, the life no longer pale, was
wreathed with unusual smiles.

"O, mother! I have saved a life! Is not
God kind to let me do so great a thing?"
Strange that neither Ally nor her mother
thought of the school that night that Ally
had been anxious to obtain, heavy as the
disappointment was! Nay is it strange?
They thought of it in the morning, how-
ever, and then dame Fisher was more sad
than Ally.

"So you are to sew your life away," she
said, despondingly, "my poor, poor Ally!"
"No mother, God will take care of me."
It was not noon when the family carriage
of the Burrells again appeared at the door
of Ally Fisher's miserable cottage.

Ally looked at her mother, whose thin
face now glowed with gratified attention;
glanced at the broken walls of the miserable
house she called home; turned from the little
half-starved figure to another; and then
approaching the lady, said in a low, firm
voice, "You must come to see me, and I will
go to bless you for it; but I must not go
away from here."

"Must not?"
"Must not, Ally!" exclaimed the surprised,
disappointed mother.

Ally's voice became choked. "This is a
very poor place—I never knew how poor
until I came to see the grand houses—
but I have always lived in it."

"But the sewing and that terrible pain in
your side my dear," interrupted the mother.
"It will be better soon, I think; and maybe,
I shall not have to sew so much now for
Mary is growing bigger."

"Mother don't drive me away from home."
"We will give you a home," pleaded the
lady, "the house you saw yesterday." There
you shall have anything you can wish—things
much more beautiful than you have ever seen
in your life—and little Marcia whose life you
saved will be with you, and we will all be
together."

"Then who will love my poor, poor mother-
er?" and Ally burst into tears.

At the commencement of the conference
a head had been raised from a pile of bed
covering in a corner of the room, and a red,
blasted face looked out on the group with
vague wonder. Soon an expression of intel-
ligence began to lighten up the heavy eyes,
and now then a trace of something like
emotion appeared upon the face. At Ally's
last words there was for a moment a strange
convulsive working of the features and the
head fell heavily back upon the pillow.

It was in vain that both the lady and dame
Fisher pleaded. "Oh, it was nothing; I
couldn't let the little girl down when she was
so easy to go into the water. It was nothing;
so I do not deserve that beautiful home. I
shouldn't be of any use there either, and here
I am indeed."

"But I will give you five times the money
you could by sewing and that," urged the lady,
"if you will stay here!"

"Ally was for a moment staggered.
"So you would help me by going than by
staying, added the dame, quite forgetful
of self while so anxious for her child's wel-
fare."

"But mother, who would hold your head when
it aches, and bathe your temples, and kiss
away the pain, and then sit and watch you
while you sleep? And when the trouble
comes who would try to make it light and
help you to find all the happy things to weigh
against it? And who would sit with you at
evening when you are lonely? Who, moth-
er, would read the Bible to you for you told
me yesterday that your eyes were failing;
and who would—would love you, mother?
Oh, I must stay here! All those beautiful
things would only make me sadder if you
could not have them too; and so you must
let me stay here in the old house, for it is the
only place where I can be happy. God
would not love me if I should leave you with
all the children to care for and none to com-
fort you when sad."

The lady's eyes were suffused with the
heart's dew, as with a neutral blessing on the
young girl's head and a silent determination
to reward the self-denying spirit richly, she
turned away.

"You have sacrificed yourself for my sake,
Ally," sobbed the dame, folding her gentle
child in her arms. "Oh, why did you do it?"
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